

MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS of
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ACADEMY

Oct. 1916

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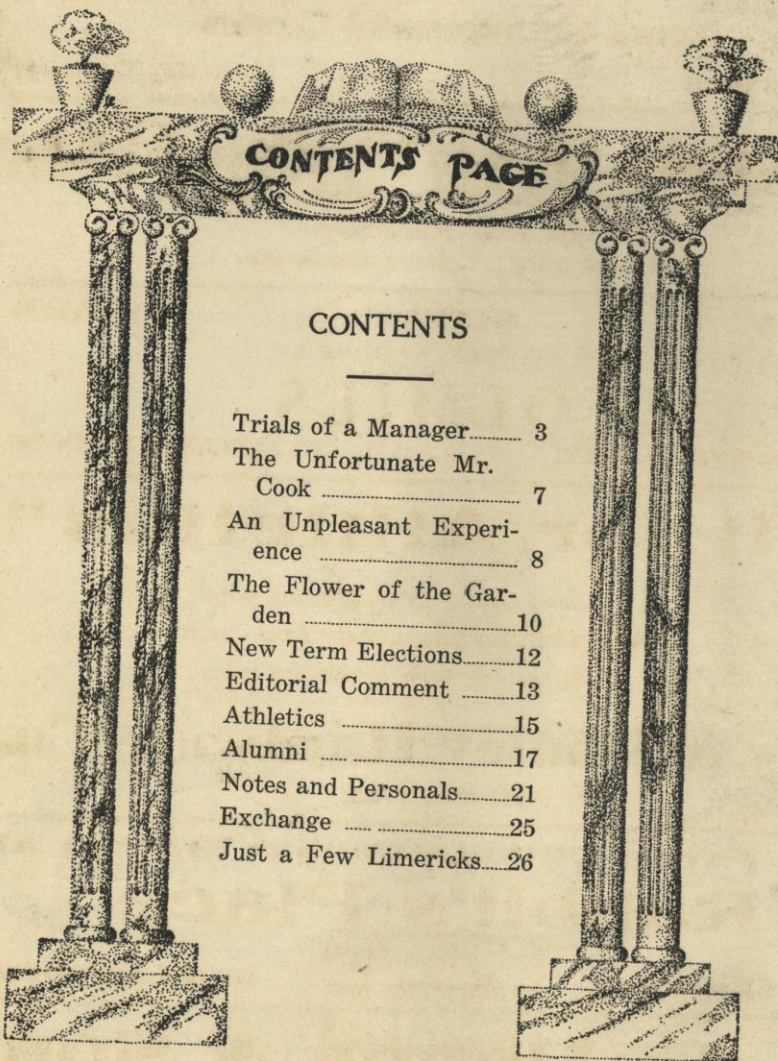
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Volume XVI.

OCTOBER, 1916

Number 1

The Trials of a Manager

C. P. C.

LONG before Pat Reyer had started in the road racin' business I had been his manager. When we was kids and he was the champ light weight of the distric' I was doin' the money grabbin' part of the job. Neither one of us had ever worked for any one; we were always on our own hook, Pat doin' the exhibition stuff, and me getting him the jobs and collectin' the iron men. I remember that last fight he was in, up at the old Coliseum; that time he cleaned up big old Jim Tyson. As we were comin' out of the dressin' room he saw a neat little racer standin' at the curb.

"Say Kid, that's some neat little bird there." He always called me Kid Kush on account of my ability to grab the shekels.

"Yeh," I said, and started to walk off.

"Say, what's the hurry; you ain't goin' to a fire or somthin' are you? I been thinkin' about hookin' up with one of these babes and this is just about what I want. Think I will wait and see who owns it." Well sir, you could have knocked me over with a toothpick; Pat Reyer wantin'

a gas consumer when he ought to be lookin' for a cheap peanut wagon. I stayed there and argued with him for some time and finally he won, so we stayed. In a few minutes a guy blew out of a store and got in the car, but we nailed him before he started anything.

"How much for the car, Mister?" asked Pat right away, like he was stuffed full o' hundred dollar bills. The bloke looked us over and after decidin' we were O. K., said:

"I'd like to sell the car all right, but it's due in the Bear Valley road race next week. After that I'll let you have the Bus." We got his address and went on home. About three days later the bus owner called us up and said that he was laid up, and if Pat cared to drive the car in the race he was welcome to whatever money he could squeeze out.

I tried to argue him out of it, but you know how Pat is. He said he had always wanted to be a racin' driver, and now he had the chance and he wasn't goin' to let it slip by. Well, to make a long story short, he won the race, and has been racin' ever since, sometimes getting a first and sometimes a third, but always runnin' in the money. And this is where my trouble started, but I didn't know it then.

It was a Friday mornin' about ten o'clock when a swell dressed guy blew in. He walked in the office like it was his instead of mine. After a few startin' remarks he popped out the proposition he had. He wanted Pat to act for the movies. Right then I knew I had money if I only worked it right. I had read all about the high salaries of the movie stars and I figured we were nearer Easy Avenue than we had been in sometime. After some talk I found out that some scatter brain had written a play that called for a race, and a race driver for the hero stuff, and as this company wanted realism they had decided to get a real driver instead of a Mellin's Food kid. So after an hour or so we got down to the contract. Right there was where I started to gettin' tight, for I wanted to pull him for as much as I could. He had a set figure but I soon

busted that up and I got him all fussed up, so right there I plunked him. Asked him for \$30,000 for the three weeks work—and he agreed. It was so sudden like that I didn't know what to do. I came within a bit of huggin' him. But I calmed down and let him out of the office without harm.

Right away I called Pat up and told him of the signed contract for thirty thousand lyin' in the safe, and as soon as I had told him he was mighty happy and wanted to start right away, but the contract called for the tenth of next month. Up to the eighth, when we were to leave for the plant, Pat was just like a kid. He seemed to bubble over sometimes.

But as soon as we got on the sleeper and started West he calmed down and was almost as dignified as I always am. As we got within a night's ride of the place Pat got almost nervous. I had to give him a good strong sleep inducer before he could get to sleep at all.

The next morning we got off at a little dump, where an old junk met us and we rolled out of town towards the company's grounds. The country all around was of the rollin', sandy type, with no houses in sight—an awful place to get thirsty in. After a while we topped a hill and there was, down in the valley, a sight that made me gasp. It seemed as if we were in a foreign country, for there before us was a walled city. Its majestic towers rose toward the sky and glistened with splendor as the mornin' sun's rays kissed its sides. I thought as how the sight would awe Pat, but he only grunted and said,

"Say, what's the idea o' the wall; think anybody would cop their old city?" That just shows how much some people appreciate art.

Well, sir, as we come in the gate the whole thing changed. Instead of the peaceful city as it looked from the outside, it looked more like the place where they assembled dime novels. The first thing I saw as we came through the gate was a man makin' love to a girl in a parlor, and right next to it was a Wild West scene where some punchers were

stringin' up a greaser, and all of them shoutin' and shootin' like all git out. A little farther on was a railroad track where a loco was about to run over a kid, and right behind it they were having a nice quiet funeral.

We finally got through the mess to the administration shack where we were to get our orders. We were told that Pat was not to go to work until Monday, so we had plenty of time to look around and get acquainted.

Pat and I got up with the sun Monday morning so we would have all the sleep out of our eyes by eight o'clock, which was the time set for the first scene. We went down to the director's office and all got in an old jitney and hit it for the country. We got out to a level road and stopped and the director told Pat and the rest what to do. I found out later that this was not the first scene but the ninety-second. The scenes were all mixed up.

We had not been able to find out who the woman was who was to play the lead opposite Pat. We had been all over the place but no one knew. But—here she was, and a peach too. Pat went right over and knocked himself down to her. They went into a deep conversation but the director soon busted that up and they all started to rehearse the scene. I was the only onlooker.

As the days went on I got tired of watchin' Pat kiss the dame before the camera, so I stayed in my rooms most of the time. Finally the work was done and we were packing for the return trip, when Pat turned to me and said,

"Say, Kid, you aint' done a lick o' work since you been here. I been doin' it all, an' now it's up to you. I got a little job for you to-morrow 'fore we leave. Meet me at the boss's at nine." I started to tell him where to get off, but he went out and slammed the door.

I met him the next mornin' and he sure was a sight. All dressed up like he was going to a funeral or somethin'.

"Come on in and meet her," he said. Right then my heart skipped a beat, but I was so took back that I went in and met her—the leading lady. After I had been witness

for the wedding, I went to my rooms to think it over. Pat, my old pal, tied to a Powder Puff.

Yes, it was hard to get through my dome at first, but I'm used to it now. First I managed his fights, then his races, then his movie stuff—and now his kids.

The Unfortunate Mr. Cook

M. M'CLURE



R. COOKE was a floor-walker in a large department store. He was young and handsome, but was not yet married and cared little for women. He always wore glasses, as he was very near-sighted. I mention this because it is with this very fact that my story deals.

One rainy morning while on his way to work, he fell on the slippery pavement, and off came his glasses. He picked himself up, and after a long search, found his glasses, which had been broken by the fall. He hurried to an optician to get them repaired, but was told they could not be finished till the next morning, so he had to go to work without them glasses.

As they were closing the store at six that evening, Mr. Cooke, who was about the last to leave, happened to glance into the suit department. Standing by a counter he saw a pretty young woman who seemed uncertain as to where to go. Going up to her, he smilingly inquired:

"Is there something I can show you?" But she, with her head lifted high, merely stared at him and made no reply. At this, Mr. Cooke said, somewhat embarrassed:

"I am sorry, lady, but we must close the store now. It is a rule of the store to close promptly at six."

As she did not answer, but looked haughtily past him, he turned indignantly away, leaving her to the less gentle mercies of the nightwatchman.

But he could not forget the young woman in the blue

tailored suit and large black hat. He pictured her to himself over and over again. He had caught a glimpse of her face; it was strikingly beautiful, and he could not forget it. Especially he could not forget the disdainful look with which she froze him. The vision of that face was with him all evening, and it was the first thing he thought of in the morning. "It's funny," he thought; "I've never felt this way about a woman before."

He ate his breakfast earlier than usual next morning, went to the optician's for his glasses and hurried to the store.

As he passed the suit department he came to a dead halt. It was a foggy morning and the lights were not yet on, but he could not be mistaken. There stood the haughty lady in the blue suit and black hat.

As he stood there the manager of the department walked up to the lady, and, to Mr. Cooke's amazement, put his arm boldly around her waist. Shameful! He must report such behavior, even if the lady were his fellow manager's sweetheart, as Cooke charitably surmised.

In another instant he saw the haughty lady lifted in the arms of the manager, who called out:

"Here, boy, take this dummy to the fitting department."

An Unpleasant Experience

SIDNEY LANIER BODDIE



HAT is a more repulsive sight than a drunken man? What more pitiful than the family of such an one? Last night while walking along one of the streets of our city I came upon such a man, reeling from one side of the pavement to the other, a man of some fifty years—occasionally losing his balance and catching at a lamp post or fence to steady himself.

At first I was thoroughly disgusted and filled with con-

tempt for one who could sink to such a level; but this feeling was followed by one of pity; for, after all, he was a human being, and surely in need of help. Left alone, who knows what fate might befall him before his mind became clear again; yet there he was, in a drunken condition, alone on the streets of a big city, along which was passing a continuous stream of automobiles and street cars.

So, overcoming my contempt, I approached the poor wretch, grasped his arm and said: "Come, my good fellow, I will take you to your home if you will tell me where you live." He gave me his street number and we began the journey. I will not attempt to describe it; it would be tedious. We walked, as I didn't care to bring my charge among other people upon a car; then, too, I thought the exercise and fresh air would have a good effect upon him.

As we neared the home it occurred to me that perhaps he might have a family and in that case my mission would be a very unpleasant one. I have never liked tragedy, and surely it is tragic to see a drunken man go home to a family of which he is the head—a family that looks to him for protection and example.

At last the journey ended and I led my charge to his door; he produced a key and insisted that I unlock the door and help him to bed, which I hesitatingly consented to do, for I was thoroughly sick of the affair and anxious to be rid of the fellow.

Upon entering the house I was greeted with the most pitiable conditions imaginable. The mother was dead and there were three poor little children; the eldest seemed about ten years of age and the youngest a baby of some two years. These dear little neglected orphans of an inebriate were crouching in a corner of the bed-room; the eldest awake with the baby in her arms, and the second had lain his curly head upon his sister's shoulder and had gone to sleep. They were ragged and dirty and scared, but their expressions showed that this was by no means the first time "father" had come home in this condition; and I'm quite sure they

expected to be beaten, for the younger children immediately waked and began crying, clinging to the elder sister for protection.

The man fell across the bed in a drunken sleep. I could not bear the thought of leaving these little children with him, alone, or even worse than alone; in fact I was actually afraid to. So, calling a taxi, I took them home and put them in the care of my mother, who the next day placed them in an institution where only loving hands would ever touch them.

This illustrates the efficacy of our prohibition laws, or rather the efficiency of our executives.

"When wilt Thou save Thy people,
Oh, God of mercy—when;
Not crowns and thrones, but nations—
Not kings and lords, but men?"

The Flower of the Garden

T.



WAS returning home from my work one pleasant afternoon not long ago, thinking of nothing in particular. Once my thoughts roamed up to old Canada, where I had once spent a pleasant summer among the blue lakes and green woods. And then I thought of my brother Jack in Brazil. Once my thoughts went so wild that I tried to imagine what my future wife would look like. And so my mind was working, here one second and a thousand miles from there the next, when, as I passed the Birdman's garden, I heard a low voice singing, singing a song that I had never heard before and in a way that I was compelled to listen. I glanced around. The street was deserted. I thrust my head through the hedge and gazed for the first time into that wonderful garden. I saw a sight that few in this day are destined to see.

There, near a sparkling fountain, was a young girl dancing—dancing as the butterflies that flew about her. Her beautiful form was draped with a loose hung garment which was as graceful on her as the wings of her butterfly friends. I looked into those deep, meaning eyes and was electrified by the thrill that went through me. Her hair fell in locks about her back and was unsullied by pins and ribbons. Her perfectly rounded shoulders shone pure and white in the late afternoon sun.

As I glanced back to her face I was struck by the care-free expression of it. She looked as if she had never been in a real world, only in a fantastic fairyland. And it was hard to realize that I was in a real world. This beautiful figure, darting here and there with the birds in a garden of a thousand colors with a sparkling fountain in the center! Here a white path wound its way around a rose bed, and there a bed of stately flowers grew. I knew not their names, for I had never seen them before.

As I glanced back to where the maiden was I was astounded; she was not there. I thought, perhaps, she had seen me and had darted behind the fountain for protection from a plebeian eye. But as I turned to go I heard the last notes of her song trailing off towards the white mansion at the other end of the garden.

As I turned towards home I was truly happy that I was living in the same world, with such a creature and with all the birds and flowers which seemed to be her friends.

New Term Elections

During the last week of September the school held its annual election of officers of the six different forms, of the School Committee and of the *Bulletin*. The literary societies held separate meetings for the election of officers. Officers of the forms are:

Second Form—President, H. Tinsley; Vice-President, O. Allen; Secretary and Treasurer, W. Price.

Third Form—President, F. Moore; Vice-President, R. Baird; Secretary and Treasurer, H. Ryman.

Fourth Form—President, H. Lassing; Vice-President, R. Harvill; Secretary and Treasurer, W. Hyde.

Fifth Form—President, C. Stone; Vice-President, J. W. Hirsig; Secretary and Treasurer, L. Boddie.

Sixth Form—President, B. Wilson; Vice-President, P. M. Harrison; Secretary and Treasurer, C. P. Clark.

Elected to the School Committee are: Second Form, B. Nichol, P. Brown; Third Form, R. Baird, R. Wilson; Fourth Form, J. Eberhart, G. Russell; Fifth Form, C. Stone, J. W. Hirsig; Sixth Form, W. Nichol, W. Burns.

From the school at large—T. Bryan and C. P. Clark.

Officers of the Clark Literary Society are: President, C. P. Clark; Vice-President, T. Bryan; Secretary and Treasurer, W. Nichol.

Officers of the Ewing Literary Society are: President, J. W. Hirsig; Vice-President, W. W. Murray; Secretary and Treasurer, P. M. Harrison.

The men who were elected to the School Committee should be especially proud of their position. They were picked as the best men from each form—the men who stand for what is right, fair and just. Their motto should be "Montgomery Bell Academy."



THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

Address all literary matter to the Editor-in-Chief; all business matter to the Business Manager. Make checks and drafts payable to Business Manager M. B. A. Bulletin.

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S. L. BODDIE.....	Literary Editor
B. WILSON.....	Athletic Editor
W. W. MURRAY.....	Alumni Editor
J. W. HIRSIG.....	Local Editor
T. BRYAN.....	Exchange Editor
C. HAWKINS AND H. BOWERS.....	Business Board

Getting Down to Work

The gun has fired; the race is on. The race is more one of endurance than one of speed. Hence, we must find a steady pace and hold it. The quicker we find our pace the better showing we will have at the end of the year. We are all working towards the same end: to get enough credits to go to College. The only way we can achieve this end is to study and study conscientiously. Conscientiousness plus work is more the key to success than a maximum supply of brains minus work. If you have brains (which very few of us have) you must practice the art of consistent work or all your brains will go for naught and no one will know that you have them. On the other hand, if you haven't the brains you might be able to put one over if you work hard enough (this of course is strictly confidential).

We have all heard that opportunity knocks but once. Opportunity has knocked for you to get an education, and we must make the best of our opportunity. There are very few of us who are so independently rich that if the main support of our family should be taken away from us, we should not have to stop school and go to work. So we have to get down to work and get our education. Think of the pecuniary loss when we fail in a study, of the disgrace. If some of us had passed in Latin last year, we would not have to forego the pleasure of taking Spanish, or any other study that would help us to get the necessary knowledge to go to college. Our parents have financially backed us to get an education, so we must get busy and get it, if we want to "bring home the bacon" at the end of the year.

W. A. O.

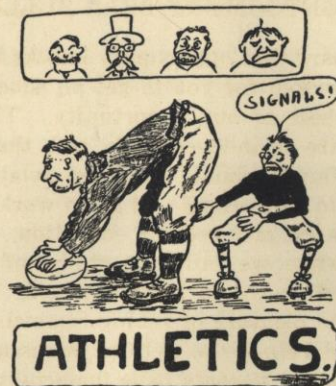
The School Literary Societies

Though a certain wise old bishop admonishes us to hold our tongues, and that "five words cost Zacharias forty weeks of service," the ability to use the human voice and speech effectively is one of the greatest assets a man has. To be able to express himself in clear, concise language, also to be able to grasp important points of a subject and to arrange them systematically in his mind, all of these things are developed by our school literary societies.

The aim of these societies is to prepare us so we will be able to get up under all circumstances and say what we have to say; to be in perfect control of our subject; in other words to make use of our mental efficiency.

Last year the societies had debating and declaiming teams to speak against each other. These teams were composed of men elected by these societies at large, and a great deal of enthusiasm was aroused. In March a team composed of boys from both the Clark and the Ewing literary societies journeyed down to Columbia to engage the Columbia Military Academy in a joint debate and declamatory contest.

(Continued on Page 20).



When Captain Burns and Coach Sikes called for football candidates about twenty men responded. From the looks of these boys in action the school will have an eleven equal to last year's team.

Among the men who came out are some of last year's stars, Allen, Burns, Hirsig and Kuhn.

"Babe" Allen, halfback of last year's team, looks better than ever, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds. He is very good both on the defense and offense, and will be a hard man to stop.

The team will miss the valuable services of Hager, fullback on last year's team, but his place will be filled by Captain Burns, who played a tackle on last year's team. Burns weighs around one hundred and ninety-five pounds and will be a good man on gaining ground over the line, as he is fast for a man of his size.

Hirsig, our big two-hundred-pound center, is showing up fine in practice and will be a tower of strength in the line. This is his third year on the team and he is showing up better than ever.

"Doc" Kuhn, a sub on last year's team, is running at quarter, and from the way he performs on the field he will be the very man to fill "Jack" Blair's shoes. "Doc" has a head and will know what to do in a tight place.

Besides the old men who returned, there are a good many new men who were stars on prep school teams before coming to the Academy.

Tom Bryan, who for the last two years was the star full-back at the Richmond Military Academy in Georgia, is working at half, and will be a good man on gaining ground on end runs and on line bucks. He weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds and will be a hard man to stop if he once gets started.

Edmondson, a very good lineman, comes from Wallace University School, weighing around one hundred and seventy pounds. He should strengthen the line considerably.

"Chuck" Bell is another lineman, who comes from Hume-Fogg High School, and who was a member of that team last year. Weighing around one hundred and seventy pounds, he should prove a very good man both on the defensive and offensive.

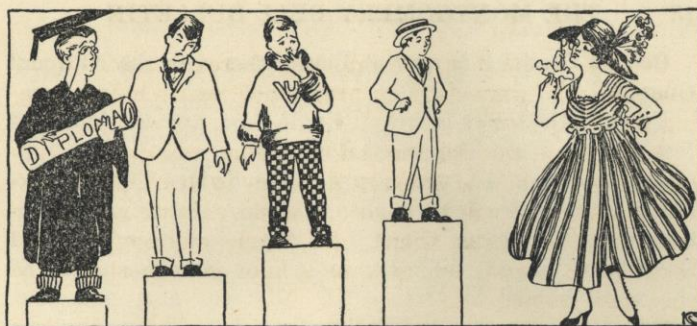
Nicks is an old man at the school, but this is his first appearance on the gridiron. He has lived in the country all his life and is very active, and is also fast on his feet. With a month of coaching, he may be able to make an end, although he has a good man out against him in Wilson, who is very good on tackling and catching forward passes.

Ligon of last year's eleven has decided to return to school. He will strengthen the team very much, as he is a good lineman.

Among the other men who are trying for the team are: Hart, Sawyer, Rightor, Harvill, Jones, Inscore, Russell, Baird, Whitsitt, Stone, and Divney. These men under the coaching of Sikes, should develop into available men.

Our Manager, W. L. Nichol, is a very competent young man for the position and has arranged an excellent schedule, covering some of the strongest prep schools in the State. So far he has secured nine games which is enough to keep any prep team busy. Some of these games are on our own field, and we expect the school at large to come out and help our boys win.

(Continued on Page 20).



A L U M N I

Simmons Allen, '16, is at work at Keith, Simmons & Co.
Foster Baird, '16, will enter Vanderbilt this fall.

Ed Rooney, '16, will enter Vanderbilt this fall. Rooney received a scholarship at Harvard, but has seen fit to enter Vanderbilt.

James Kellam, '16, has a responsible position at the First and Fourth National Bank.

Buist Litterer, '16, will enter Vanderbilt this fall.

Mizell Wilson, '16, will enter the University of Tennessee this fall. Wilson, it seems, is preparing to use his oratorical accomplishments on "Old Beck." He also has a good chance to make the eleven.

Ben Bransford, '16, has an important position at Phillips & Buttorff's, but is planning a college course in the near future.

Thomas Nowlin, '16, is temporarily devoting his talent to the Southern Woman's Magazine.

Joe Wiles, '16, is entering Vanderbilt this fall.

Price Pippin, '16, is obtaining experience in the engineering field. He will enter Vanderbilt soon.

Enloe Dodson, '16, is entering Vanderbilt this fall.

H. F. Blair is now employed by the Nashville Trust Co.
George Leffler is employed by the Jetton Tire Co.

George Deadrick is now at Eagle Pass with the National Guards.

Edward Matthews is now at Eagle Pass, and is a Mounted Scout in the First Tennessee Regiment.

James Avent, '15, was awarded the Knight Declamation Medal at Sewanee against all opponents. Avent's declamation was "Spartacus' Speech to the Gladiators," an old favorite of his, on which he won the declamation medal of the upper school in June, 1915. He was also chosen at Sewanee to represent his Society in debate.

Maddin Summers, '94, has been highly honored. He has been appointed Consul General at Moscow, Russia. The honor is more profound when the importance of the post and the youth of the Consul General is considered. Mr. Summers has made rapid strides to prominence in the Department of State of the United States.

Ralph Totten, '94, is Consul at Large in Europe for the United States. This makes two posts of high distinction in the Consular Service held by members of the Class of '94—Summers and Totten. Their term of service is scarcely well begun, and from the rapid rise of each M. B. A. anticipates higher honors from them still in the future.

L. W. Hasslock, '03, Captain of Company E, Nashville Battalion, was elected Major of the Battalion on July 24, 1916. While proud of the honor, M. B. A. will welcome his further and certain rise to even higher distinction.

Harold Braly, '16, has entered Sewanee, and we note played left tackle in the recent Sewanee-Morgan game.

Martin Rooney, '06, was elected Vice-President of the American Association of Smoke Prevention Commissioners. This is an honor well deserved, both on account of his ability and his persistent activity as Smoke Commissioner in Nashville.

C. E. Albes, '84, is the Associate Editor of the Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C. Mr. Albes was awarded the Peabody Medal on Commencement Day, June, 1883.

J. O. Burge, '01, has been elected member of the County

Court. Mr. Burge was an orator when at M. B. A.

Jos. L. Campbell, '04, is Cashier of the Tennessee Hermitage National Bank. Mr. Campbell is Treasurer of the M. B. A. Alumni Association.

Drew Rowen, '03, is Assistant Cashier of the Fourth and First National Bank.

George Mutt Moore, '16, is employed by the N. C. & St. L. Railroad. Mr. Moore was prepared to uphold the union by striking.

MONTGOMERY BELL ALUMNI ORGANIZE

At Watkins Hall, on the night of June 21st, the alumni of Montgomery Bell Academy held a meeting in which was manifest much interest and enthusiasm. Among the men of prominence present were: Mayor Ewing, Col. John Thompson, and Hon. G. N. Tillman, with Mr. S. F. Tennison presiding. Many interesting talks were made by the former students of the school. Mayor Ewing reviewed the history of the school from its earliest days to the present time.

This Association was first started by the class of '06, and a meeting was held by that class at the Y. M. C. A. At this meeting was seen the importance of extending the membership to all of the alumni of the Academy. The Association has in view the general interest of the school, and will have representation on the Board of Trustees of the school.

The Association has written to all of the former members of M. B. A. whose addresses were known. Anyone that knows of a former M. B. A. man is requested to send his name and address to Mr. Martin Rooney, Secretary, care of City Hall.

All members of the Association will receive a copy of each issue of the *Bulletin*. This will enlarge the circulation of this paper very much.

The officers of the Association elected this year were: Smith Tennison, '76, President; J. O. Treanor, '93, Vice-President; W. E. Norvell, Jr., '02, Vice-President; Martin A. Rooney, '06, Secretary; Jos. L. Campbell, '04, Treasurer.

Six alumni of the school were offered to the Board of Trustees from which to select three members to fill the three vacancies existing at present in the Board. These were: Smith Tennison, '76; Walter Keith, '85; A. M. Hagan, '87; E. M. Kelly, '74; J. M. Bass, Jr., '87; Jno. H. DeWitt, '90.

THE SCHOOL LITERARY SOCIETIES

(Continued from Page 14).

The affair was halved, the declamation going to them, the debate to us. This team was composed of Hirsig and Murray, declaimers, and Rooney and Wilson, debaters. We have all heard that it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks, so that is the reason why we should learn how to speak as soon as possible. Don't try to get out of speaking because you are afraid you will make a dunce of yourself. When getting up to speak for the first few times you will get red in the face and have your knees knock together, and you wish you had been born without hands, but you have all heard that practice makes perfect, and when you are put on the program be sure and get it up.

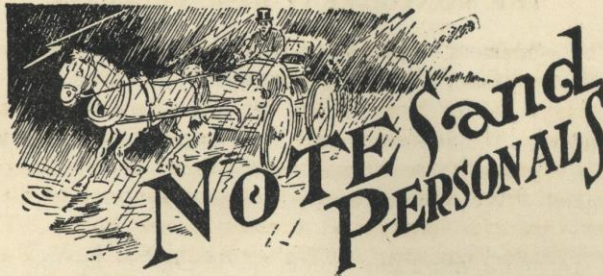
We have lost two of our most prominent declaimers in Rooney and Mizell Wilson, so it is up to the different societies to develop some new men to take these places.

W. A. O.

ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 16).

In securing a coach the school could not have selected a better man for the position than Ammie Sikes. Mr. Sikes was very good in prep schools, and when he went to Vanderbilt he developed into a star. With the material before him, Sikes will develop a team which will be hard to beat.



The two literary societies of M. B. A. held their first meeting of the year on September 28th. There was a number of good men lost by graduation last year, but there is much good material among the new boys. The first meeting was devoted to the election of officers of the society. Program Committees were appointed and a program was made up for Thursday, October 12th.

* * *

The Rev. Mr. Cherry, of Clarksville, Tenn., father of Mr. Frank Cherry, paid the school a visit last Monday. After Mr. Cherry had opened school he made a very interesting talk to the students. He was very much enjoyed by all. We hope to have him with us again in the near future.

* * *

One of the attractions at M. B. A. this year is the Spanish course. Ever since *her* arrival, a great number of students have shown an ardent desire to learn Spanish. The faculty too are trying to arrange their classes in order that they may have a try at this most fascinating tongue.

* * *

"See here, you old rascal, why didn't you tell me this horse was lame before I bought him?"

"Well, the man that sold him to me, didn't say anything about it, so I thought it was a secret."

* * *

He—"I dreamed last night that I died."

She—"And the heat woke you up."

✓ Phil—"Aileen, do you want a monkey?"

Aileen—"Oh, Phil, this is so sudden."

* * *

Buford—"I have an almost irresistable longing to steal a kiss."

Luciel—"Why don't you take something for it?"

* * *

A farmer's son came home looking as if he had been through a tornado. His father inquired the cause. The son replied: "It's that durn correspondence school again. I got a letter from the Sophomores telling me to haze myself."

* * *

"Doc" Kuhn—"Papa, I want an ice cream sundae."

Papa—"All right, son, remind me of it again—this is only Tuesday."

* * *

Two men in an auto slowed up beside a man on the street.

"Can you tell us the way to Bolton, Pat?" asked one.

"Begorra, and how did yez know my name was Pat?" he asked in reply.

"We guessed it."

"Then guess the way to Bolton," was the quick reply.

* * *

✓ "Now, Harry," asked the Sunday School teacher, "What must we do before our sins can be forgiven?"

"That's easy," replied Harry, "we must sin."

* * *

Women's faults are many,

Men have only two—

Everything they say,

And everything they do.

* * *

Mr. J. Blair (Chemistry)—"I may have made a mistake, but I thought I heard your voice during my short lecture."

✓ W. Nichol—"You must be mistaken, sir, as I never talk in my sleep."

An old man who isn't a saint
Sat down on a bench marked "Wet Paint."
"Oh dear!" and "Doggone it!"
"Oh Fudge!" and "Confound it!"
Might have been what he said, but it ain't.

* * *

Mr. Cherry (Latin X)—"Inscore, what is the verb meaning choose, or select?"

Inscore (turning to boy who has just pulled his coat tail)
—"Le' go!"

Mr. C.—"Correct."

* * *

Once upon a morning reary, still my eyes were red and
bleary

From the great and glorious revels of the night before.
While I tottered, nearly falling, suddenly a voice came
calling,

A voice so terribly appalling, appalling to my conscience
core.

"Breakfast waits," the voice was calling through the key-
hole of my door,

Only this and nothing more.

* * *

A youth of the variety known as Broadway Cafe Hounds
went to a fashionable wedding at a Fifth Avenue church,
taking with him one of his lady friends of the chorus. An
usher met them at the door and held out a hand for their
cards of admission.

The gilded youth held up a couple of fingers, at the same
time slipping a dollar bill into the usher's palm. "Table
for two," he said.

* * *

She—"Can you drive the car with one hand."

He (after looking at her for a moment)—"No, but I
can stop the durned thing."

Student—"Hurry, Professor, someone threw a rock and hit McDonald on the leg."

Professor Caldwell—"Huh! Some shot."

* * *

She—"Is Montgomery Bell Academy on Fifth Avenue?"
He (truthfully reflective)—"Yes, a great part of the time."

* * *

If the boys keep on acquiring gas consumers of their own as Stone, Moss, Ogden, and Burns already have, John Aust will probably put up a filling station at the Academy when he returns.

* * *

Andrew Jackson Sawdust has recently become the proud possessor of a hair cut.

* * *

Philip M. Harrison's name was recently published in the city director as Phil Harrison. He wishes it understood once and for all that his name is Philip and not Phil. Some however seem to think that it is "Twilight."



Owing to the fact that school has just opened and this is the first issue of the *Bulletin*, we have but three school papers at hand. We acknowledge the following exchanges, and hope that their much enjoyed magazines will continue to be on our table.

The Quill, Henderson, Ky.

The Sphinx, Centralia, Ky.

Hawkins Hammer, Gallatin, Tenn.

The Quill.—Your paper is well organized and full of life and subjects of much interest. We are always glad to have it on our table.

The Sphinx is a most interesting paper. We would like to have you criticize us.

The Hawkins Hammer.—You have an excellent paper. Your pictures add greatly to the appearance of the magazine.

* * *

"Dear Teacher," wrote little Edith's mother; "please excuse Edith for not coming to school yesterday. She fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige.—Her Mother."

* * *

A little girl wrote the following composition on men: "Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women; also more zoological. Both men and women sprung from monkeys, but the women sprung further than the men."

Just a Few Limericks

T.

There was an old man from Podunk
Who traded his dog for a skunk.
Nobody knows
Where he buried his clothes,
Or why he went out and got drunk.

There once was a boy named Doc Kuhn
Who loved to sit under the moon
And play with the curls
Of the plump, pretty girls.
Perhaps that is why he went loon.

Another one, there was, named Phil:
Who looked very much like a pill,
When his fair little queen,
Her name was Aileen,
Asked him to pay the gas bill.

There was a young girl named Berry
Who was quite cheerful and merry,
She always would grin
Clear down to her chin,
If anyone mentioned a Cherry.

A young fellow named Charlie Stone
Bought a Twin that would naturally roam.
He once went too fast,
His feet came down last,
And now he has left but one bone.



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